The Liberalist

Volume XXXVII JANUARY, 1961 Number 10

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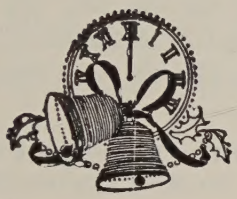


The Message of the Bells

I looked upon the dreary waste
Of man's ambition, lust and fear:
I judged all mortals in my haste—
The New Year bells rang loud and clear!

I wept for all the wars of old,
I doubted every dream of peace,
I sighed for mankind's lust of gold—
The bells of New Year would not cease!

I saw the starving poor go down
Amid the battles of the strong;
I cursed the cruel, heartless town—
Again the bells burst into song!

They sang of peace, they sang good will,
They sang of love that soon must reign;
I mocked their song, but could not still
The flooding rapture of their strain.

And thus the bells ring on and on
In countless hearts that claim the Hope:
They hail the ever-coming dawn
Though all the nations darkly grope.

—Thomas Curtis Clark

DR. BRADLEY'S BOOK LECTURES IN JANUARY, 1961

In the Peoples Church, Wednesdays at 8 p.m.

Jan. 4—"THE WASTE MAKERS" by Vance Packard

Jan. 11—"PEOPLE! CHALLENGE TO SURVIVAL" by William Vogt

Jan. 18—"A FAITH FOR MODERNS" by Robert Gordis

Jan. 25—"THE LOSER" by Peter Ustinov

Thursdays in the Chicago Public Library
12:15 NOON

Jan. 5—"THE POWERS OF POETRY"

Jan. 12—"MELODY AND RHYTHM IN POETRY"

Jan. 19—"THE DRAMA OF POETRY"

Jan. 26—"WHAT USE IS POETRY?"

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULES

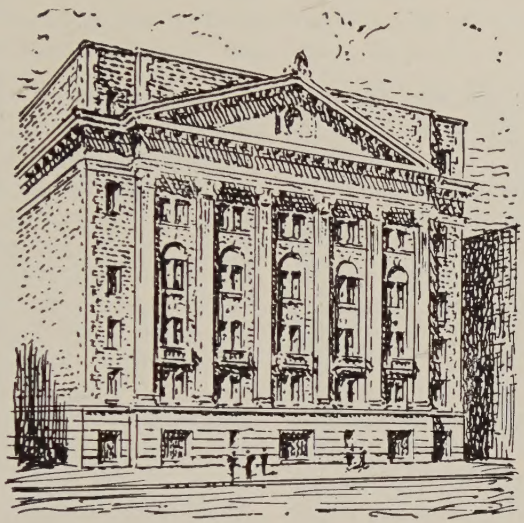
WBKB-TV—Channel 7, Daily, Monday through Friday ..... 6:50 a.m.

WFMF—100.3—Daily, Monday through Friday..10:00 a.m.

WLS—Every Sunday.....11:00 a.m.

WCFL—Every Sunday ..... 5:45 p.m.

WEBH-FM—93.9—Every Sunday .....7:00 p.m.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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Mastering Fear
Courage For Today
Power From Right Thinking
Life and You
Meditations
My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

BY the time you will read these lines we will be well into the New Year. I have expressed my New Year's thought for you in the Editorial in this month's issue. I hope you will read it. They tell me that editorials in the newspapers are the least read of any of the contents. I hope this is not true with our magazine.

Never in my lifetime, and I have lived a long time, have I felt that the future presented any greater challenge than it does today. A world disturbed by unrest, and suffering from frustration, until one could almost say we are living in a schizophrenic world—a world of divided personality. Yet out of such turmoil and confusion grows stability and unity. I do not share the dismal viewpoint which so many seem to have about the future. I am convinced that it will be many generations before we build the kind of world I knew in my early young manhood. This generation cannot possibly conceive of living in a world such as I knew.

The first time I went to Europe, in 1914, I did not need a passport. There were only two countries in the world requiring passports and they were Russia and Turkey. Inasmuch as I was not going to visit either country I needed no passport to go anywhere else in the world. You just packed your grip, bought a ticket and off you went. That world has disappeared forever, but we will ultimately arrive at a much better situation than exists today. I say this against the background of my increasing faith that this is a world where evil in any form never has but a temporary success or victory. I have to defend this position repeatedly as I meet theologians and philosophers, but not one of them as yet has compelled me to reorganize my faith in this regard. This is still a world where goodness, truth and beauty are permanent. They cannot be obliterated or destroyed. Humanity will suffer again and again but the highest virtues which it possesses will survive. If I thought that we were in a world where evil and evil men and ideologies did have the last word I would be driven to the depths of despair and would regret that man was ever created in the first place. So, as I enter the new year—a year which leads to my own Golden Jubilee in the pulpit of our church, I do so with my faith in man and God deepened, and my appreciation of the opportunities ahead dominating my thinking and my work.

This is not a polyanna attitude toward life at all. I have had too many experiences not to be a realist. I have shared too deeply the heartaches and problems of people not to realize these problems are realities, but I know, as Celia Thaxter tells us in one of her lovely poems, "The sunrise never failed us yet," and upon that basis I enter my work for the new year with renewed vigor and courage. May it be one of the finest years we have spent together and let us all, as individuals, do our best, that mankind may find its way back again to dignity, to greatness and to peace!

* * *

One of the most interesting events in which I was privileged to participate during the month was given by the Municipal Art League of Chicago,

in the Club Room of the Art Institute. The Municipal Art League has long been an important institution in our city and has developed and fostered a deeper appreciation of art and has made it possible for many schools and public buildings to have permanently great works of art. Their meetings through the year are always inspiring events and have contributed greatly to the cultural life of our city.

On this occasion they were honoring one of the greatest women I have ever known—and I have known Mrs. Charles S. Clark for a great many years. Mrs. Clark, through her creative thinking, felt that there should be some opportunity for lecturers, artists, poets and writers to make themselves and their work known to the program chairmen of Women's Clubs throughout Chicagoland. It was an idea which paved the way for many later brilliant successes. She founded and organized what was called The Conference of Club Presidents and Program Chairmen. Every club president and program chairman of the clubs in the Chicago area, affiliated with the Federation of Women's Clubs, was invited every Thursday at 10 o'clock during the season, to come to Fullerton Hall in the Art Institute and listen to several men and women of talent and ability, as they presented a few minutes of the programs they were making available to women's clubs. The idea from the beginning has been one of the most practical ever conceived in assisting unknown artists, writers, poets, men and women who have done some worthwhile thing and want the world to know about it. I know of many individual successes that started through this first opportunity presented by Mrs. Clark. (I was present at a previous great luncheon, with more than 1200 other people, when Mrs. Clark, in a dramatic and unexpected moment, relinquished the active guidance of the Conference. Nevertheless she still continues her vital and personal interest in the work.)

On this present occasion Mrs. Clark was presented with an award which recognized her contributions to the cultural and spiritual life of Chicago and, as a part of her reply she showed some of the most beautiful pictures I have ever seen taken on her recent jet tour around the world. Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Charles Walgreen, who was present, have taken many trips together. Mrs. Clark, like all good travelers, is able to distinguish values and in her presentation captured the essential highlights which make her travel talks so meaningful and valuable.

Many prominent men and women of our city were present to honor her and I felt deeply honored in being asked to escort her into the hall, past an honor guard of high officers in the Salvation Army. One of Mrs. Clark's most active philanthropies has been her membership on the Women's Board of the Salvation Army, and the Salvation Army honored her by having their highest officials in Chicago present on the occasion.

On arrival at the front of the auditorium, Mr. Rudolf Ganz, world famous pianist and beloved personality, presented her to the assembly. She was given the place of honor and seated in a large chair over which hung beautiful colored drapery. Many important people of our city paid her homage. No woman I know is more worthy of all the recognition which can be lavished upon her. She is a great heart. She has written some very beautiful, enduring poetry, which has found its way into some of the best anthologies. Throughout many years

of my own public life I have been inspired and encouraged by Mrs. Charles S. Clark.

* * *

One of the finest musical plays I have ever seen was the much beloved "South Pacific." A character in that play that fascinated me, and I saw the performance more than five times, was the character of Bloody Mary, played by Juanita Hall. You can imagine my joy, when I arrived at the recent annual luncheon of the Chicago Tribune's Goodfellow's Club, to find Juanita Hall was one of the Guests of Honor and was seated by my side at the Speaker's Table. We had never met until then, and it gave me the opportunity of having a most enjoyable visit with her. She is here in Chicago now, playing a leading part in a beautiful musical play, "The Flower Drum Song." Seated with us was Miss Dunne, who plays the lead in the play, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke who is here playing with Gertrude Berg in the play "Majority of One." It was an interesting occasion for me. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Miss Dunne and Miss Hall contributed to the program by telling of their most interesting Christmases. I wish every one of my readers could have heard of their warm, sympathetic experiences on Christmas day.

Only last evening I had the opportunity (and it was the first evening in weeks that I have had to myself) of seeing "The Flower Drum Song." If you love a musical play do not miss "The Flower Drum Song." It is most unusual and has many delightful songs which will linger with you. In many respects it is the most unique musical play I have ever seen. I shall not spoil any of it for you by going into detail about the play except to tell you that every person in the cast performs with unusual brilliance.

After the play I went backstage and renewed my friendship with Miss Hall and Miss Dunne. As I look back over the years and remember the fine men and women of the theatre, I can easily deny what so many people think, that the theatre is composed largely of people who give it a bad name. This may be true in some instances, but the vast majority of real artists of the theatre are men and women of exceptionally fine character, possessing the nobility of sympathy and charity such as is not shared by many professions. Both Miss Hall and Miss Dunne are planning to visit our church in the near future and when they do, I am going to invite them to the pulpit to say a few words to the congregation and our radio audience.

A friend of Mrs. Bradley and myself who saw the play this week was greatly impressed, in reading the brief biographical notes in the playbill, to discover that every one of the leading parts in the play (and there are several) are filled by people who hold various degrees from important colleges throughout the country. The last place one would expect such a record, she thought, would be among the cast in a musical play. While she had always recognized the culture of the finer artists of the legitimate theatre, she was amazed at the high standard of such a number of those in a musical play. This play is undoubtedly worthy of its cast and the cast is worthy of the play, which makes for a delightful evening in the theatre.

* * *

All during my long ministry in our church I have tried to meet my responsibility as a pastor, which to me means visiting and doing all one can for those who are ill. After every Sunday morning service I get a list of the peo-

ple who are sick in our church and I try to see every person on that list before the next Sunday. I spend many an afternoon going from hospital to hospital, before evening lectures and engagements.

During the past month I have had some unusually difficult situations to meet. There has been an unusual amount of illness and heartache. One experience which has been very much a part of my heart is the great suffering of one of the finest families in my church. Years ago I buried the husband of the family. The widow has developed a heart condition; the daughter has had a limb amputated, and the daughter's husband has had both limbs amputated during these past few weeks. To visit that home and try to speak encouraging words is one of the greatest challenges I have ever known. It is amazing the fortitude of people and the way in which they are able to adapt themselves to a situation of this character. I never visit the home (and I do now, frequently) without being strengthened myself.

Another experience was conducting the funeral service of one of the victims of the tragic plane crash in which two planes collided over New York. The identification was delayed for several days and I tried as best I could to help the family during that awful period.

I could give you many more experiences. I think when ministers and pastors are too busy, frequently with non-essential matters, and neglect the office of the pastor, they are not meeting their full responsibility. I was speaking the other day to a group of young ministers of a certain denomination and after I was through one young minister arose in the question period and said to me: "Well, Dr. Bradley, you are so busy I suppose that you do not do any pastoral work." The mere fact the question was asked was humiliating to me. I replied: "Young man, if you do not find a place in your schedule for visiting the sick you had better leave the ministry." Altogether too much time is spent by ministers in committee meetings, organizational activities and social events. If the minister becomes a part of the mechanics of the pastorate, his effectiveness is impaired. A great many churches now have become so highly organized that they are little better than a machine. Over-organization of church life is much more disastrous than under-organization. I have never been much of an organization pastor, and the older my ministry becomes the less concerned I am about the machinery of the church. I love my pastoral work and without it our church would never have the recognition and the influence which it has today in the life of our city.

* * *

I hope you will not miss the announcements in this issue of my book lectures. I shall be speaking each noon at 12:15 in the main auditorium of the Chicago Public Library at Randolph and Michigan. This is my annual series of book lectures for the Chicago Public Library and is open to the public without any fee. I have been giving these series for a great many years and they are the most largely attended of any library event. The hall which seats 500 is filled, with many people standing. I hope you will plan, if you are in the loop on Thursdays during January, to come in to the lectures.

Every Wednesday night during the month I will resume for the 28th season our Book Lectures in the Peoples Church. You will find elsewhere in this issue a list of the books I am going to discuss. I hope to see many of

my readers at the Book Lectures.

* * *

Practically all of the churches in the Chicago area have no Sunday evening services of any nature. At the beginning of this season we inaugurated the Chicago Sunday Evening Forum, meeting at 7 o'clock every Sunday evening in our church sanctuary. I have been greatly encouraged by the interest and attendance at these Sunday Evening affairs. They are very informal. At 7 o'clock I walk to the pulpit, begin the lecture, speak for 45 minutes and close with a 15-minute question period from the audience. There is no music and no service of any kind. This has solved the problem of Sunday evening church attendance for us. I wish more churches would present such a program.

The subjects I discuss are usually of a highly controversial character and the reaction shown in the questions from the audience is indicative of much of our contemporary thinking. What has inspired me most is the fact that young people have been attending in great numbers—college, university and high school students; and on several evenings we have had many students from the theological seminaries in the Chicago area. On a recent Sunday evening in which Dr. William Clyde Donald, who succeeded Reinhold Niebuhr in Detroit, spoke on Faith Healing, there was a group of theological students who, in the question period gave evidence of some very careful thinking on the subject. The Sunday Evening Forum will continue its meetings until Easter day.

I shall be away for the last two Sundays in February and the first Sunday in March. Mrs. Bradley and I are going to the West Indies and South America. Those Sunday evenings will be taken by authorities in their fields and I am sure will sustain the interest.

* * *

I am writing this before our Christmas season in the church so I cannot tell you about our Christmas and New Year services. These I shall mention next month. Nevertheless I can express to every reader my appreciation for your interest and to the many new subscribers we will have beginning in January, my ardent wish that in the New Year your highest hopes and dreams may become realities.

Keep looking up!

"WHY DOESN'T GOD DO SOMETHING?"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
October 23, 1960

THOSE of us who have the responsibility of meeting the challenge of being a curé of souls, trying to help people in very difficult situations, have many experiences that leave indelible impressions. I have had many of them. But of all the experiences which have ever come to me in my life as a pastor, there was one which will remain with me as long as my life lasts. The scene is a beautiful morning. Children are going to school. A mother escorts her daughter to the front door (a seven year old girl) plants the holiest kiss in the world upon her cheeks (the kiss of a mother) and

says, "Be careful, dear!" The child waves goodbye to the mother, walks down the steps of this little home—on her way to school is killed! Frightfully mangled! The child is taken to the undertaker's. The undertaker, realizing the tragedy, called me. He said: "I cannot go to that home and break this news! I can't do it! I think you could! The family know you; they have been attending your services, and I think you should go and tell that mother!"

I have had to do many hard things like that, particularly during the wars, our two wars through which this church has gone; when I had to go to mothers and fathers. Frightful news! Terrible news! But I never had a more difficult task! And within an hour or two after the accident happened I went to that home. I went in, met the mother, sat down with her. I said: "You're a very brave woman! I know you're brave!" and right away, by that strange, mysterious, almost intuitive faculty which women have (and women have it much more than men) she looked at me and she said: "What's happened, Doctor? What's happened?" Then I told her the story as best I could. I watched the face of that mother as she received that news! And then, in one mighty outburst of passion and anger, she said: "Why did God do that to my little girl? Why did God let that happen?"

That's the old question. I get it every day of my life: "Why didn't God do something? Why did He permit this to happen? Why does tragedy come to me? What have I done?" That's probably one of the world's oldest dilemmas: why do good people suffer? Why do innocent people suffer? This world just overflows with the suffering of innocent people! Fathers and mothers who are not responsible at all for some agonizing experience that comes into the home! Why do good people suffer; innocent people suffer?

Obviously, there is no answer to that until we get straightened out as to what we mean by "God"! If we think of God as a person like you and like me, with all the limitations of personality, with all the feelings of personality, if we think of God like that then, of course, we have a perfect right to indict God when something unfair happens! God is either all-good, or He isn't! There are no two ways about it! God is either all-powerful, or He isn't! There are no two ways about that! If God is all-powerful and is responsible for war, for earthquakes, for disaster, for crime, for accidents, if God is all-powerful, can He be moral, if He stands by and permits all this to happen? Now it all depends upon what your concept is of God. That's where we find our answer, when we blame God for something for which God is not responsible! You cannot blame God for what happens! That's impossible! Personally, I don't think that God ever "caused" an earthquake in His life, in the whole history of deity! I have stood down in the West Indies where Mont Peleé destroyed thousands and thousands of people! God didn't do it! I don't believe that God ever "caused" war. I think God despises war! I think He hates it! God doesn't "create" war; God doesn't "create" droughts and famines and floods! Don't accuse God of such atrocities! We have to get back to a more fundamental basis of our conception of what God is as divine creative energy in the cosmos and not as a person with whims and passions and anger and jealousies like ourselves —we would do these things, but not God!

This country has suffered millions of dollars worth of damage and lost thou-

sands of lives in floods in the Lower Mississippi Valley. People have written to me and said: "Well, Dr. Bradley, why does God permit that?" God didn't "permit" it at all; didn't have anything to do with it! Some exploiter who sat, perhaps, at a desk in a Chicago office conceived the idea of exhausting the lumber of the Upper Mississippi Valley, so he denuded the natural reservoirs for the retention of moisture, which God ordained in the natural setting of the Upper Mississippi! He cuts down all the timber; he rapes the whole Upper Mid-West of the nation, with the result that there is no natural reservoir to retain the excess moisture and the Old Mississippi says: "Don't do this to me! Don't do this to me or one of these days I will overflow my banks and flood you and drown you! You're destroying the balance of nature!" But man, in his quest, laughed at the basic structure of nature and he denuded the Upper Mississippi Valley of trees, with the result that we now have terrible floods in the Lower Mississippi Valley! God didn't do that! The selfishness of man did it! Don't blame on to God something that our own selfishness creates! There were no floods in the Lower Mississippi Valley when there were trees in the Upper Mississippi Valley! And so man has to spend millions of dollars in taxes on flood control to do something that God had provided for all the time, until man thought he knew more than God! And that's when man gets into trouble; and that's when an individual life gets into trouble: when it feels it can cast aside the great moral and ethical realities that are designed by nature and are planted in the human heart, and man begins to "toy" and readjust and re-organize his own conception of values according to his own standards and his own selfishness! Then he gets into trouble!

Trouble is always the result of a violation of a natural principle! God doesn't have anything to do with it—we create it! The same with our dust bowls! I remember when the dust storms came into Chicago and you housewives have vivid memories of it —when great blankets and acres of sand swept across the farmlands of the Southwest in our country! "Why?" People said: "Why does God permit this? Cattle starving; people hungry; farmlands destroyed because of the dust storms and the sand storms? Why doesn't God do something about it?" The fact of the matter is that in the fundamental concept of God, for man and beast, He planted eighteen to twenty inches of turf all over the Southwest! Turf! What was it? Grazing land! Natural grazing land for the buffalo and the bison! Natural grazing lands! And the flocks and the herds flourished. Then man came along and he said: "Oh, we should put this farmland into production! We should grow wheat on land that God meant to grow turf! We should grow corn! We'll plow up this turf and we'll plant it into grain!" And much of that was done at the very time when the United States Government was paying farmers not to raise food! Can you think of anything that is more of an anachronism than that? When they were saying "We'll put more land into production," the government was paying farmers not to grow anything! How silly can you get? And in that hour, when they disturbed the turf, the dust bowls came! Man interrupted a process of nature, and whenever man does that he is in trouble, deep trouble!

God is eternal rectitude; God is eternal principle! There have been established and ordained certain fundamental realities and when little man begins to interfere, to destroy, to change,

to modify the fundamental principles of the divine, then man gets into trouble! It's all a violation of a fundamental principle! It's nothing to do with sentiment; it's nothing to do with passion! It has to do with the fundamental integrity of the divine structure of the cosmos. And the life which is in harmony with that, though it may not be a life that will escape trouble; though it is not the life that will not know agony, of course not, but I'll tell you what it is: it is a life fortified with an eternal strength to stand trouble, that when it does come it can be mastered; it can be seen for what it is! WHY DOESN'T GOD DO SOMETHING? Oh, my friends, God is trying to do something all the time for the benefit and well-being of humanity, but little humanity stands in the way and says: "I am greater than God!"

* * *

Now may we have, all this week, such a conception of the reality of the eternal principles of goodness, truth and beauty that everything we say and everything we do will reflect our eternal kinship with the divine!

"DO WE NEED GOD?"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
October 30, 1960

"GOD!" A word that connotates an infinite variety of meanings to the people who use it: a word that to one means an act of reverence, a recognition of supernatural influence; to another, a word of profanity, and one which is used profanely quite generally! Let us, if we can this morning, as we conclude this series of Sunday morning sermons on God, see if we can summarize into a concept of God that will be clarifying, illuminating, and helpful to people who are confused, and sometimes very deeply confused, about what the word God means and what it stands for. From the first blush of the first dawn of human history, when man first evolved into the awareness that he was different from every other form of life, man sought to find an answer to the mystery of life! From the depth of that mystery he evolved into a concept of God. Louis Brown, in his monumental work, says in the first paragraph: "Man looked over his shoulder, saw a shadow, and religion was born!" And in every degree of civilization, in every race and in every culture, from the cold, barren wastes of the Arctic to the cold, barren wastes of the Antarctic and across the heat and the jungles of the Tropics man has given evidence that he's trying to find a reality outside of himself! Lightning killed his friends about him. The individual was but a few moments before by his side in a hut or a cave, a living being responding, eating, living the cultural level of that far-off day and man wondered, (and wonder is the basis of religion, and saturating wonder is the quintessence of mystery) for man turned and the one who a second before was carrying a javelin or a spear, and was a living thing, and the body was there, the brain was there and the heart was there, but there was no life! He was dead! And man in that primi-

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The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

BACK in 1359 a wizened little clerk was a guest in the English army, which was besieging a French town. The little man was Geoffrey Chaucer and he was a scribbler of rhymes. Whenever a knight or a private soldier or a body of troops flinched at charging a perilous breach in the city wall, Chaucer would write a scurrilous set of verses, making fun of the act of cowardice. By the next day the whole camp would be singing or reciting the verses and their victims were laughed into fresh courage.

Napoleon Bonaparte was the master of continental Europe. He yearned to be master of the whole world, but he first must win England, and to win England he first must cross the English Channel in force. If only he had battlecraft which could ignore wind and current and tide and which could outtravel and out-maneuver the opposing British ships.

Just at this time there came to his court a shaggy-haired young American inventor, Mr. Robert Fulton by name. Fulton had worked out a practical invention whereby ships could be propelled by steam instead of sails, and could travel independent of cross-currents and adverse winds. Also he had worked out a serviceable submarine torpedo boat. He made successful tests of both these inventions, to the satisfaction of Napoleon's most skeptical experts. The problem was solved. It was Napoleon's life opportunity. He dallied longingly with the project. Then he rejected it. If he should fail, Napoleon feared he would be the laughingstock of Europe and would lose much prestige. He could not afford to be laughed at. He refused to pay the price of a laugh, and threw away world conquest.

We are frequently laughed at because of our New Year's resolutions. Those resolutions may not last through the entire year, but the mere fact that we have made any at all is a good sign. Good resolutions fail because persons abandon the resolution the first time they violate it. Good habits are formed, just as the bad ones, by constant repetition. Whatever the good habit is we decide to form, it will be formed if we keep trying our best. The person who makes resolutions and abandons them has at least learned what his faults are and how difficult they are to overcome. Though your friends may laugh at you, make some New Year's resolutions!

(*Continued from page* 11)

tive moment said: "What is this? What is this, this life? What is it? What is this mystery?", and the idea of God was born!

That idea has evolved and changed down through the ages with the gradual enlargement of the horizons of man's intelligence until he sweeps the cosmos now with a cosmic broom of his science! Man is still on the quest! Obviously he is dissatisfied with the little anthropomorphic conception of God who is only a sublimated man who hates and has envy and jealousy and who makes innocent people suffer for the sins of the guilty; and all the other violations of what any reasonable mind has to accept would be unfair and unjust! That concept of God cannot appeal to a first-rate mind: a God who is little more than a man; who sits on a cloud with a spear and long whiskers and looks down upon man in frightening tyranny! That God has ceased to answer the hunger and the struggle of man to find the reality of God and the great spiritual manifestation of the forces of nature. And yet, the highest concept of God man has yet conceived has come from those very forces: that the universe is not an automatic working machine, but that it has purpose and direction and symmetry and order and obedience to law, the fundamental established principles of physics and chemistry; that the microscope does not deny or annihilate God, it only reveals a greater God; that the telescope, trying to penetrate the far-off distance of sidereal space, does not eliminate God or deny God. No true scientist is ever an atheist. There never has been a great scientist who was an atheist. What the so-called atheism denies is the little man-made structure of limited personality which he calls God. The great throbbing, vital, creative principle of life, which is impregnated in the whole activity of man and the universe can be understood only partially, but with a great depth of spiritual adequacy, and that is the concept of God which will finally capture the imagination and the hearts of men. Not a limited God, not a God circumscribed by words, not a God captured in mere ceremony, but a God of unlimited creative vitality who, when he created man, created a sharing influence in the whole process of creativeness for man and God together, and who can ultimately reveal the full structure of infinity.

God without man is helpless! God is a weakling without man! Where can God manifest His power, His greatness, His dignity, His creativeness without a medium through which to function? If that is not true, God should have remained in infinity and with the power of His creation given the beauty of stars, the wonder of the sea, the mystery of the ocean and the mountain, the rhythmic beauty of the prairie, the ebb and flow of the tides. "Why, God, didn't you stay there and enjoy your creation for ever and leave man out of it? Why did you ever create him in the first place? Why didn't you leave him out of it?" But God knew that in the pattern of destiny for the full completion of the character of God, He needed man and He created man, and He created man in His image, pure and undefiled, and He turned man loose in the cosmos, and now man without God is hopeless! God without man is helpless! Man without God is hopeless! God and man together can ascend to the canopy of the skies or the depths

of the seas and reveal the mind and the heart of the creative process. Man is the medium through which God reveals Himself! He has no other way! The greatness of the human mind, the power of the mind, is the power of God working out in human consciousness, therefore man is divine. And when he rises to the full structure of his divinity evil, unkindness, animosity, hate, envy, jealousy, false ambition, pride, arrogance are all dissipated and disappear! That is spiritual achievement! That comes from the cooperation of man with God! The great difficulty is that most of us try to take in too much in our effort to understand God! Coming to this service this morning I drove by Belmont Harbor. I looked at it in the somber hues of an autumn day. I didn't try to encompass the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, I just took what was available: Belmont Harbor. That's the way with a great many people about God: you're trying to take in too much; trying to get too large a sweep! If we would only take in what we can experience we would have greater tranquility of mind and of soul. People say to me: "Can you prove God exists?" "No!" "Then what does it all mean?", they say. Then I reply: "I'm going to live as though He did exist; I'm going to think as though He were a reality, and in that attitude I will be able to partake of whatever segment of the nature of God is available to me!" That "segment" is in kindness to others; love of friends; sacrifice for one's work; understanding and helping the poor, the aged, the ill! You see what that all is? That's a "segment" of God! Take as much of God as you can appropriate into an experience. Leave all the rest of it to the theologians and the philosophers. They don't know any more than you! Not a bit! Think of God as an experience: an experience of creativeness; an experience of vitality, then you will have that poise and that serenity and that strength, you will have available the source of energy which is God!

I never shall forget a night when I got on a train in St. Louis, a late night train, a Pullman. I was being shown to my berth by the porter and there seemed to be a good deal of conversation at one end of the car. A gentleman had arrived for a berth that had already been given away; the berth was occupied. An embarrassing situation! The man occupying the berth was very much disturbed. There stood a man in a long white robe with a long white beard. The most beautiful face I have ever seen! I realized that I was looking into the face of the great Hindu poet and mystic, Sir Rabindranath Tagore! Mr. Tagore's berth was occupied. He was involved. He stood there quiet, calm, peaceful! No excitement, no reaction, no pressure! I looked at him in perfect amazement and I said to him: "Mr. Tagore, this is very unfortunate!" (I have an autographed picture of him in my study. We became good friends from this instant.) He looked at me and said: "All is well! I will get a good night's rest, somewhere!" The Pullman conductor turned to him immediately and said: "Mr. Tagore, we're giving you the bedroom! It's unoccupied!" He smiled and said: "See? All you have to have is God—realization! Then it's true!"

* * *

Now, as we separate from our beloved church and pulpit for a little while and will be hundreds of miles away next Sunday, we ask Thy benediction upon our church and upon our service. Might all of us go out from the service this morning more deeply sensitive, more spiritually inclined to the power and the beauty of God!

BOOK CHATS

DOUBLEDAY has published *The Days Were Too Short* by Marcel Pagnol, translated from the French by Rita Barisse. These are childhood memories by the author of *Fanny*. Pagnol has preserved to a far greater extent than usual the purity of the child's vision and yet has not lost sophistication or maturity.

Possibly it is because this book is written by a Frenchman that I particularly enjoyed it. I have always felt that I enjoy life better than some because of the French inheritance which I possess to a certain degree. The French inclinations within me are always fighting against the conservative English and the practical Scotch, and I always consider that the more adventurous side of my nature comes from the French. The English and Scotch ancestry holds me down just sufficiently to keep my feet on the ground a part of the time.

Even the foreword is interesting, for the author tells us that it is the first time he is writing in prose, except for a few essays. And after describing the position of the poet, the playwright and the dramatist, all of which are interestingly described, he says:

"The writer's position is no doubt more difficult. It is no longer Raimu, the famous actor, speaking, but I myself. I shall expose myself entirely just by the way I write, and if I am not sincere—that is to say, without any shame—I'll have wasted my time and spoiled good paper.

"So I must walk out of the wings and sit down in front of the reader, who will gaze at me fixedly for two or three hours. This is a most disquieting thought, and it paralyzed me for a long time."

He writes of his childhood vacations in the Provençal countryside in summertime. His great art is the ability to remember his reactions, his sensations, his spirit, his emotions—to actually be the little boy again just as he once was. I was right there with him the night he and his small pal, Lili, ran away to become hermits up in the cave on the cliffs. Lili, who was quite the opposite in education, culture and training, yet there was great fascination of the one for the other, for Marcel loved the country life and Lili's education in that field was far superior to Marcel's.

Marcel worshipped his father and adored his mother. He had a very protective attitude toward his mother. His father was a teacher—"a school-certificate examiner"—and Marcel had great respect for him. When Uncle Jules and his father were preparing for an extensive hunting trip—a sport about which his father knew nothing, and about which Uncle Jules pretended to know everything, little Marcel's emotions completely got the better of him. Uncle Jules did much bragging about his own prowess.

"The evening had been a deeply interesting one for me, and at the end of it we found ourselves with a battalion of multicolored cartridges, drawn up like tin soldiers. I felt, however, a sort of malaise, a vague dissatisfaction, the cause of which I could not quite make out. As I was pulling off my socks I suddenly hit upon it. Uncle Jules had talked all evening like a specialist, a teacher, whereas my father, who was a school-certificate examiner, had lis-

tened attentively, as if he were an ignorant schoolboy. It made me feel ashamed and humiliated. Next morning while my mother was pouring coffee into my milk I told her how I felt.

'Do *you* like the idea of Papa going shooting?'

'Not very much,' she admitted. 'It's a dangerous pastime.'

'You're afraid he might fall downstairs with his cartridges?'

'Oh, no,' she said, 'he wouldn't be so clumsy. But all the same gunpowder is treacherous stuff.'

'Well, I don't like the idea for a different reason.'

'Don't you? What reason?'

"I hesitated for a moment and made use of this pause to take a big gulp of my milk-and-coffee.

'Didn't you notice the way Uncle Jules spoke to him? He's the boss all the time and does all the talking!'

'It's only because he wants to teach your father, he does it out of friendship.'

'Yes, but I can see he's glad to be one up on Papa. And I don't like that at all. Papa always beats him at boules, and at checkers too. But this time I'm sure he's going to be licked. I think it's silly to play games one isn't good at. I never play football because I haven't the legs for it and the others would make fun of me. But I always play marbles or hopscotch or prisoner's base, because I win almost all the time.'

'But, you big silly, shooting isn't that kind of a game! It's going for a walk with a gun, and since it amuses him, it'll do him a lot of good. Even if he doesn't shoot anything.'

'Well, I for one shall be fed up if he doesn't. Yes, thoroughly fed up. And I shan't love him any more.'

"I felt rather like crying and quickly gulped down my tears with my bread and butter. My mother saw it, and she came over and gave me a kiss.

'You're not altogether wrong,' she said. 'It's quite true that at first Papa won't be as good as Uncle Jules. But at the end of a week he'll be as good a shot as your uncle, and in two weeks just see if he isn't handing out advice!'

"She was not telling fibs to reassure me: she had confidence. She was sure of her Joseph. But I was as consumed by worry as the children of our revered President would be if he confided to them his intention of taking part in the bicycle tour of France."

* * *

There are many new books out either by or about women of note. Harper has published *You Learn by Living* by Eleanor Roosevelt; and who has lived and is living more fully than Mrs. Roosevelt? The book is the distillation of Mrs. Roosevelt's life experience, telling how to become a mature person; how to use one's time effectively; how to get the best out of people; how to conquer fear; and how to maintain hope and help others. I quote one paragraph:

"Whatever period of life we are in is good only to the extent that we make use of it, that we live it to the hilt, that we continue to develop and understand what it has to offer us and we have to offer it. The rewards for each age are different in kind, but they are not necessarily different in value or in satisfaction."

It is impossible to open the book anywhere without a desire to quote:

"But the person who clings to his alibi, 'It wasn't my fault,' not only is lying to himself but he is evading his responsibility. He will make the same mistake over and over and continue to feel terribly sorry for himself. The

circumstances were beyond his control, weren't they?

"Why should we shy away with shame from having made a mistake? No human being is all-wise; no human being always lives up to the best that he is capable of. Failure comes to everyone, except when one does nothing at all, which in itself is a failure. All we can do is to be honest with ourselves, be humble and try, as we gain wisdom, to rectify our mistakes and possibly to avoid some of them."

* * *

The Believer, The Life Story of Mrs. Henry Ford, by Louise Clancy and Florence Davies, published by Coward-McCann, is in some ways a story of Henry Ford as well. It is very interestingly told and is a picture of the kind of wife Henry Ford needed. The women who are real help-mates to their husbands will enjoy this book.

* * *

Out of the Air, by Mary Margaret McBride, published by Doubleday, is her own story of the beloved decades of radio, when the people of fame and entertainment told their stories of their lives before her microphone. She began in the mid-thirties to bring books, events, and drama into American living rooms, with her soft, homelike voice.

There came to her microphone authors, actors, politicians, Swiss bell ringers, screwball inventors, trapeze artists, hog callers, and flagpole sitters —Bob Hope, Jimmy Durante, and Danny Kaye; the Quintuplets and Elizabeth Taylor, Admiral Byrd and James Thurber—the story spinners, the self-revealers, the adventurers, those fresh from battle. She tells us also of people behind the scenes, and brings them all back in her own words.

This is one book where you get full measure and running over, for it is the most "alive" record of men, women and events, beautifully and interestingly told in Mary Margaret McBride's own special style, a style that reminds me of some special sauce which just makes the salad the delicious bit it is. I think everyone should read her chapter called "War is Hell." It is a good time in this world of ours to face that holocaust again through a few very personal experiences. There are many droll things and many heart-warming experiences; many interviews with fascinating personalities. The book is just "chuck" full of stories, one after another, of people—people—people we have heard about but never met.

Just at random, I open the book to this paragraph:

"My other favorite among Billy Rose's stories was the one about the time in 1936 he was producing an exposition in Fort Worth, Texas, and engaged Sally Rand to do her famous bubble dance.

" 'One evening Dave Schultz, governor of Florida, came and wanted to meet Sally. We found her stretched out on the floor in her kimono, reading, believe it or not, the Bible! Sally was always reading something, and that year it was the Bible from Genesis to Revelation. The Governor said, 'There's a chapter here always gives me great comfort," and he turned to one of the Psalms. The orchestra was already tuning up so I had to go and get the show started. I began introducing some of the visiting celebrities, and someone at Governor Schultz's table called to me to introduce the Governor of Florida.

" 'I said, "I'm sorry but the Governor is talking long distance to Tallahassee." I wasn't going to stand there and tell four thousand people that the Governor couldn't show up because he was in Sally Rand's dressing room reading the Bible!' "

She closes with these words: "I touched a good many lives in the years, and I hope I alleviated some loneliness and awakened a few to the horrors of cruelty and injustice. If so, I am reasonably content."

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

RECENTLY at the Woman's Club Birthday and Christmas Party given to members of the club, under the chairmanship of Mrs. H. H. Lurie, which by the way was a very lovely afternoon of music of Scandinavia in connection with Christmastime in the Northland, arranged by Mrs. Evert Hallberg, I sat beside Mrs. Virgil A. Kraft during the luncheon. Reverend Kraft, as you all know, is our Minister of Counseling and is doing a splendid work at his offices at 8 So. Michigan Ave., CE. 6-3044. If you are at all interested in what is going on in connection with this work, ask Rev. Kraft if you may have a copy of his "Incidental Vignette" written at Christmastime. It tells of some of his most interesting experiences.

All of the above is not what I started to tell you. In talking with Mrs. Kraft I heard some very interesting news about their daughter Zona. Zona, who is 21 years old, is shopping for a wedding gown. She is planning to fly to Morocco (N. W. Africa) to be married to Lieutenant Donald Hackman, who is a dentist with the United States Air Force stationed at Morocco. Rev. Kraft has put on tape a wedding ceremony, so that over in Africa Zona and Donald will have two ceremonies, one of them by her father, by the miracle of tape recording (one of the million miracles of the world, sung about in "The Flower Drum"). Can you not imagine what a miracle it would have seemed if, some fifty years or sixty years ago one had contemplated being married in Africa by a minister father who was in the U.S. at the time, by means of a mere piece of tape and a machine to play it on? Many of us from the church heard the lovely ceremony in which Rev. Kraft united their other daughter, Rita Kraft, in marriage to Richard Mitchell, in August of 1958.

All of our members and readers will, we know, wish for the young people a very happy wedded life.

* * *

My precious friend, Dr. Bradley:

You were very much a part of "This Is Your Life" honoring Bishop Sheil. I listened to every word of it, and my hope is that someday you, too, will be chosen to have "This Is Your Life" portrayed.

Sincerely,
Del A. Smith, Councilman,
City of Detroit, Common Council.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

My Thanksgiving letter goes to you. Thank you for the many books and articles which you have written and which I read over and over for guid-

ance and inspiration. Thank you for your many great sermons which lift my soul and make it capable of doing better than before. But most of all thank you for being such a wonderful example yourself of courage and ideals and love and dreams.

I know there are thousands who feel the same as I, but like me do not know very well how to express it, so maybe I can say thank you for them too. Do stay with us many more years. We need you.

Most sincerely,
June McCoy.

* * *

Some of our older members will be interested in the following letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It was indeed a pleasure to again see you and hear you speak, while you were here in Los Angeles. I had not seen you for twelve years, not since the Sunday you christened my daughter, Celeste. She is now thirteen years old. Time flies by! Celeste, who has heard me constantly speak of you, was delighted to meet you. You look wonderful, Dr. Bradley, and you are as dynamic a speaker today as ever.

I want you to know that the only thing I really miss about Chicago is you and the Peoples Church. As you know, I attended your Sunday School and church from the time I was two years old. It seems only yesterday that I was a little girl, climbing on your knee and giving you a hug. When I was a teen-ager I was president of the Channing Club for two years, taught Sunday School for six years and was quite active in everything that had to do with your Church School. I so often think of Mr. and Mrs. Denicke, bless their souls, as I loved them dearly.

I was so sorry to hear that Tom Harrison passed on. Although I try to keep posted on the activities and news about your church through my friends, things do escape me.

I am happy to hear that Clara and Jack Kolinen are again in the Sunday School. I only wish I, too, could again help build up its attendance.

Mother and Dad have their home here in Westwood and Dad is now 86 years old. My husband and I own our home (as probably Clara and Jack have told you) in Torrance. If you should ever again be in Los Angeles, I should consider it an extreme delight to have you dine with us and stay with us if possible.

Always your friend,
Mathilde Hoffstadt Wascher.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I was most deeply impressed by your sermon of Sunday morning, November 27; in fact, I have thought of little else since.

If it would be at all possible, I would like to obtain a copy of this sermon, which is such an excellent mingling of psychiatry - philosophy - theology, for many future readings.

Sincerely,
S. A. DeVolld, Library,
Haywood Publishing Co.

The November 27th sermon to which Mr. DeVolld refers will be published in the February Liberalist.

* * *

Dear Reverend Bradley:

The luncheon for the ministers on November 29 was very significant for Roosevelt University. Your presence was evidence of your interest and your desire to participate with us in the development of educational opportunity for all people.

I want to thank you for being here and to express the hope that we shall have many future contacts.

Sincerely,
Edward J. Sparling, President.

* * *

Another nostalgic letter came from California; from Hollywood:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

You cannot know how very happy I was to see your picture in the L. A. Times, Nov. 12, 1960—the clipping I am enclosing.

I am wondering if you can recall two Navy sailor boys, "Rupp and Linden," a Piano and Violin act or team, who traveled and played for you on Liberty Loan drives; also played your Sunday Church services in North side Theatre? Well, I am the violinist, Caesar Linden.

When I married here in California a few years ago, I have always told my wife that Dr. Preston Bradley in Chicago was the grandest man I have ever known. I am a Chicago boy, and after Liberty Loan I was conductor at Capitol Theatre and Picadilly Theatre, and controlled all the music and orchestras at the La Salle Hotel for ten years in Chicago. Came then to California with N.B.C. as conductor and concertmeister for 7½ years and for years have been with Meredith Willson (The Music Man); Burns and Allen Shows; Fibber McGee and Mollie; Great Gildersleeve; Fanny Brice and Frank Morgan, etc., etc. and all picture studios too. And I still say "You are the grandest man I've known."

We are members of the Church of Christ, the church mentioned in the Bible, having about 60 members, having a fine minister, Rev. N. B. Wright, for our leader. I shall send you our little folder for consideration. Since for years I have told my wife about you, it was "like a breath from Heaven" to see your picture and to know you are still in Chicago. It gave me a real lift in spirit.

May God bless and keep you and may you be a blessing to those with whom you come in contact. Please write to me when you receive this. I am sure you're busy, but I can really appreciate hearing from such a kind, gentle person as I know you to be.

"God be with you 'til we meet again."

Caesar Linden.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I will always remember you for the kind words you said about me at our recent PTA meeting.

This meant so very much to me as it was my very first time before an audience and I was really terrified.

I was so very pleased to find you so "down to earth"—I had been expecting a stiffly formal man. Furthermore, everything you said about education and knowledge, the moon, etc., was just plain common sense—now I know why you have made such an impression on so many. The comments we received from our audience were terrific.

Sincerely,

Mary Gall.

P. S.—I hate to tell you this, but I still want to go to the moon. (I get along with the people on our block very nicely.)

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I used the material you sent me as a basis for my program at the Brotherhood last Thursday night and it seemed to have the desired effect.

There were many comments after the meeting, and I felt rather guilty that I had not revealed the source of information.

Too many people in the world think of Conservation as shooting a rabbit or catching a fish rather than its real meaning and degree of importance.

I remember when I was in Springfield for Governor Stevenson it was hard to interest the public in pollution

when you referred to its danger to fish and muskrats, but when you tied it in with polio, typhoid fever and public health, it took on a new significance.

May I take this opportunity to say that I think of you personally on many occasions for what you are doing for the Church, people, and conservation.

I hope God will continue to be good to you in granting a long, healthy life so you can carry on for Him and for us.

Sincere best wishes for a Joyous Holiday Season.

Gratefully yours,

Len Schwartz.

* * *

Dr. Bradley had an opportunity to give several tickets to a preview of the film "Exodus" to some theological students and received the following letter from the Chicago Theological Seminary group:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I would like to indicate deep appreciation of your courtesy in making it a possibility for some of us to be present at the preview of the film "Exodus."

As you will be aware the book is a focus of interest and the film interpretation has been eagerly awaited by many of the students here. As this was so wonderful an opportunity it was difficult to determine allocation of the tickets, and it was finally decided to let a party of five of the students' wives enjoy it.

It is on their behalf that I wish to express gratitude for your gesture. My own wife was one of the party, all of whom are still effervescing about the quality of the evening's experience. As a member of the student community here I appreciate this kind act, and as the World Church Fellow from Scotland I would say how much this kind of thing contributes to the impression of the United States which I take back with me.

I have also written to Mr. Perlman to express our thanks.

Sincerely,

Robert Waters.

As a few of the important citizens who had been invited to this preview were to be out of town for the holidays on the day of the showing, their tickets were given by Mr. Perlman to Dr. Bradley, who divided them between students of the Meadville and of Chicago Theological Seminaries.

* * *

LYRIC RELEASE

To feel the thought within the breast
Mount to the lips and sing,
As some shy bird within the nest
Should serenade the Spring;

To feel the small words, silver-bright,
Thrill up and cool the tongue:
No fountain, leaping to the light,
More joyously has sung.

For there's a yearning in the dust,
The rich, warm dust of man,
That will be silence if it must,
But music if it can.

The above poem by Richard Kinney, a teacher of Braille in the Hadley School for the Blind, in Winnetka, is from his pamphlet edition, "Encore."

* * *

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

NOVEMBER

1—Broadcast. WBKB-TV
Cutting for WFMF
Broadcast on Marty Faye Show, WBKB-TV

2—Broadcast WBKB-TV
Worked in Study
On "At Random" program at Temple Sholom
Hospital call
Left for Los Angeles

3—Broadcast WBKB-TV
On board "Los Angeles" Ltd.

4—Broadcast WBKB-TV
Spent day in L.A.

5—Interviewed by Religion Editor of Los Angeles Times

6—Sermon, First Congregational Church, Los Angeles
Left for Chicago 4 p.m.
Broadcast WLS, WCFL, WEBH-FM

7—Broadcast WBKB-TV
On train Chicago-bound

8—Broadcast WBKB-TV
Funeral

9—Broadcast WBKB-TV
Cut for WBKB-TV

10—Address, Uptown Lions Club Edgewater Beach Hotel
Meeting Com. on Human Rel.
Bazaar, Peoples Church
Broadcast WBKB-TV

11—Broadcast WBKB-TV
Bazaar, Peoples Church

13—Broadcast WLS, WCFL, WEBH-FM
Sermon, Peoples Church
Sunday Evening Forum

14—Broadcast WBKB-TV
Cut for WFMF
Made sick calls
Meeting, Chicago Pub. Library

15—Broadcast WBKB-TV

16—Broadcast WFMF
Broadcast WBKB-TV
Interviewed by Bob Elson, Pump Room, Station WCFL
Address, Scottish Rite Dinner, Vogel's Restaurant, Hammond, Ind.

17—Broadcast WBKB-TV
Broadcast WFMF
Address, Elks Club, St. Joseph, Mich.

18—B'casts, WBKB-TV and WFMF
Address, United Cerebral Palsy Dinner, Blackstone Hotel

20—Sermon, Peoples Church
Broadcast WLS, WCFL, WEBH-FM
Address, Sun. Eve. Forum

21—B'casts, WBKB-TV and WFMF
Funeral
Worked in Study

22—B'casts, WBKB-TV and WFMF
Funeral
Cut for WGN and WGN-TV
Address, Max Strauss Center

23—B'casts, WBKB-TV and WFMF
Address. Lions Club, Austin "Y"
Funeral
Wedding

24—B'casts, WBKB-TV and WFMF and WJJD
Thanksgiving Service, Peoples Church

25—B'casts, WBKB-TV and WFMF and cutting for WCFL
Conference, Mr. Chapralis and Mr. Kangles
Address, Dr. Paul Jones Dinner and Piney Woods 50th Annviersary, Sheraton-Blackstone

26—Funeral
Sick calls

27—Sermon, Peoples Church
B'casts WLS, WCFL, WEBH-FM
Address, Sun. Eve. Forum

28—B'casts, WBKB-TV, WFMF
Luncheon, Pump Room
Meeting, Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library
Address, PTA, Washington School, Elmhurst, Ill.

29—B'casts, WBKB-TV and WFMF
Luncheon Address, Roosevelt University
Dedication Address, New Chicago Lawn Branch, Chicago Public Library

30—B'casts WBKB-TV and WFMF
Cut TV tapes, WBKB-TV
Luncheon Old Heidelberg Rest.
Cut for WFMF
Address, Edgewater Lodge B'nai B'rith, Carson's

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WLS ..... 11:00 a.m.

Chicago Sunday Evening Forum, Broadcast by WEBH-FM, 93.9 ..... 7:00 p.m.

Sunday School, Anderson Hall: All classes meet ..... 9:45 a.m.
There will be instruction for children who, because of distance, cannot come before 10:45 and for children who remain through the church services. Jack E. Kolinen, Superintendent.

Choir rehearsal every Sunday. New members welcome ..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club: meets first and third Sundays, Anderson Hall ..... 5:00 p.m.
Jan. 15, Rev. Virgil A. Kraft, Minister of Counseling of the Peoples Church, will speak on "Some Interesting People I have Met." For Club information call Mabel Snively, Sec., BU 1-0416; or SU 4-5173.

Woman's Club: Monday, Jan. 16, Ethel Wells Smalley, Chairman. International Relations Day. Guest artist, Judith Carroll, presenting "Songs to United Nations." Hostesses will be Past Presidents of the Club ..... 1:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club, Sunday Afternoon Tea, Jan. 8. Debating Society of the American Institute of Banking. Subject: Resolved that the United States should adopt a program of Compulsory Health Insurance for all citizens." There will be four debaters. Music by Miss Madeline Jacobsen.. 4:00 p.m.

Men's Club: meets the fourth Tuesday of each month ..... 8:00 p.m.
Jan. 24: Watch the Church Calendar for announcement.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule

WBKB-TV, Channel 7, Daily, Monday through Friday ..... 6:50 a.m.
WFMF, 100.3—Daily ..... 11:00 a.m.
WLS broadcasts the Sunday morning service ..... 11:00 a.m.
WCFL, Vesper Broadcast, every Sunday ..... 5:45 p.m.
WEBH-FM, 93.9, Sundays, Chicago Evening Forum ..... 7:00 p.m.

Subscription Coupon

The Peoples Church of Chicago,
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